

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 370.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 6.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

BERLIN, APRIL 9, 1859.—Now that the series is over it pains me to think that I have heard but one of the noble Sinfonie series of the royal orchestra; but I could not venture into that steamy narrow gallery of the small hall of the opera house. Each city believes that its own orchestra is the greatest in the world. So say the Londoners of the Philharmonic, the Parisians of the Conservatoire, the Viennese of their great concert orchestra. But the testimony of unprejudiced Americans, who have heard them all, seems to concur in this: that for symphony the Berlin orchestra, under TAUBERT, stands at the head. Be this as it may—it is a real misfortune to be forced to lose its performances. The one work given this winter by it, which was the greatest loss, was the Concert, in E flat, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, by Beethoven, the solo played by Kapellmeister Taubert.

I doubt if there lives a man who surpasses him in the execution of music of this kind. I heard him a few years since in a Concerto of Mozart, and it left nothing to be desired. The impression was similar which his performance the other evening left upon all whom I have heard speak of it. Taubert has been unlucky in his operas and symphonies, but he has given the public much sweet music of a less ambitious character, and it is a festival when he plays. I have had occasion to go to his house once or twice, and have found him a gentleman in the best sense of the term. A fatality seems to prevent my hearing his "Macbeth."

Radecke, too, has finished his series of concerts. I doubt if you had a finer feast at the close of Zerrahn's series than we had at the close of Radecke's. Here is a list of the performances:

1. Overture op. 124, ("Weihe des Hauses"), Beethoven.
2. Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, by Robert Schumann. Solo by Clara Schumann.

3. The songstress engaged for the evening being taken ill, CLARA SCHUMANN also gave two pieces, exquisitely played, upon the pianoforte: the first by Schumann, the second, the 1st and 2d Gavottes of Bach's 6th English Suite, played as one. 'Twas superb.

4. Ninth Symphony by Beethoven.

I should like to know how the Boston chorus made out with those long sustained high notes. Ours carried them through, smooth as you could wish, without wavering or hesitation. The Soprano soloist being ill, a Fräulein BUSSLER, pupil of the Zimmermann, took it, rehearsing it for the first time the day before the concert. She is a mighty pretty girl, and sang it well. The Mezzo Soprano was Mad. LEO, — the LOEWE, of whom you may read in Chorley's "Music and Manners." LIEBIC's orchestra did itself great credit. I wish you could have heard the wind band! You see the players of the wind instruments are of the great band of the Alexander regiment, so that they have constant practice — it is their business, their trade, or what you will. These great bands, too, do not get the prize for playing loudest — making most noise — the great aim being to

make the most perfect music; so delicacy of performance ranks higher than strength of wind. Consequently when they come into the orchestra their playing is very near perfection. Such oboes! clarinets! bassoons, flutes, horns!

But the Symphony.

And first an admission or two. I admit for instance that "Lalla Rookh" is a sweeter, prettier poem than "Paradise Lost." (I do not admit that it is greater just because so many more people delight in it.) I admit that Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" is a prettier play than "Lear" or "Macbeth." I admit that whole galleries of Düsseldorf pictures are prettier than Rubens' "Descent from the Cross;" that Rossini's *Stabat Mater* is a thousand times prettier than Handel's "Israel in Egypt"; that a hundred dandies may be found in Boston and New York, whom any jury of school girls would convict of being five hundred times prettier men than Webster was,—the man whose head and face were to me grander than any other that I ever saw in life, or in painting or sculpture; that you may hear fifty lectures any winter prettier than any of Webster's speeches. Admitting all this, I also admit that men have written Symphonies, nay, that many men now living, say Julien, per example can write orchestral music far prettier than Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

But sweets do in time pall upon the appetite. We do in the progress of our intellectual lives outgrow "Lalla Rookh" and the "Lady of Lyons." The taste becomes sated with pretty pictures and pretty music. We get weary of the prettiness of dandies and coquettes. So we grow tired of Jullienesque dances, of Thalberg fantasias, of sentimental airs.

Now we will modulate somewhat abruptly into another key. Is it true:

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise?"

If so, does it not follow, that it is wrong, nay, cruel, to induce the young person who can "bathe her soul in rapture" over "Lalla Rookh," to spend time and labor in attaining that mental culture which shall lead her to the point of discarding Moore for Milton? Does she gain anything by it? Do we not inflict great wrong upon the youth, whom we compel to cast aside his "Lady of Lyons" and go through the drudgery of studying his way up to "Lear" and "Hamlet"?

Is it not a cruel wrong for parents and teachers to deprive children and pupils of Scott's, James's, Abbot's historic romances, and force them to turn to the sober pages of history for their knowledge of the Edwards, Henries, Napoleons of the past? That is, to put them to a mental drudgery, which has for its object only to force them to find intellectual delight in books which they — the parents and teachers — are pleased to say are of a higher order?

The French have a proverb, that pleasure is pleasure and pain is pain, sleeping or waking. What matters it then whether you enjoy an event in a dream or in real life? If the Chinese finds his greatest enjoyment when dreaming un-

der the influence of opium, what right have we to say him nay? If Smith and Jones come here to Berlin and take exquisite delight at the Tonhalle or at Schaefer's in hearing waltzes and pot-pourris, do I not do them a great wrong in persuading them to pay a higher entrance fee to be wearied — bored is, I believe, the polite word — by listening to Symphonies, just because I like them best? And why do I like them best? Because circumstances have led me in music, as in literature, to go through that process, which all who have done it call "cultivating the taste." (Of course, they give it this title merely out of self-esteem, vanity, and pretentious pride.)

Through some strange 'kink' intruded (?) by the Creator into our mental organization, if you force a boy of ordinary abilities to go through a course of Virgil and Homer, however superficially, if you compel him to read and study those old masters of English, which for some reason or other are generally brought into some part of an academy or college course, if you cause him to read (vo-) luminous Gibbon, as Sheridan called him, Hume, Prescott, Irving, Macaulay, Sparks — that boy will cease after a time to find the delight he used to have in the "Scottish Chiefs," "Romance of the Forest," the "Two Horsemen," and other joys of previous years. The more thoroughly and deeply he studies, the more profound his powers of mind, the greater the breadth and range of thought that he acquires — just in that proportion does he come to despise just those sorts of intellectual food which the great public devours in the largest quantities.

Now he sets himself up as a judge upon his fellow men, and tells them, they do not know what real literary pleasure is. He really goes so far as to aver that "yellow covered" novels are trash! Nay, more, he uses all the influence he possesses — and that influence is so great as to have its effect upon school committees — to discourage the most popular books and make people read others instead! And, more curious than all, he and those who think with him, have really made the devourers of what he calls trash, ashamed to utter a word in its favor; he has forced the mass of mankind to acknowledge that divers authors whom they never read are really greater than those whom they do. In fact, his influence is such that the person who reads only "story papers" and love tales, keeps a flashily bound Shakespeare or Milton on the table for show.

In short, the class of the 'educated' has in the process of time acquired such an influence that nobody dares set up his particular taste for 'trash' as a proof that Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Johnson, Gibbon and their like, are overrated, or that their works are no longer suited to the age in which we live. It is astonishing to note the difference in the character of the papers and magazines which now circulate by tens of thousands, and those whose places they have taken. Nothing to my mind proves the force of the educated classes upon public opinion as do the results of

the efforts made by those classes to extend and improve the school systems of the free states.

Now let us modulate again into another key — (sharp or flat — let the reader decide.)

This is the fifth winter I have spent in Berlin. Of the scores of Americans, who have been here these winters, few have had any opportunity at home of hearing music in one of its higher forms. Most have had to ask what is a fugue? What is a sonata? What is a Symphony? What an overture? In what does the difference between an oratorio, cantata, and an opera consist?

They knew that a psalm tune occupied half or a whole page in the singing book, that a motet or anthem filled several pages. They knew that jolly music to dance by is divided into divers classes — Contra-dances, Waltzes, Polkas, and so on; that on the muster field they could hear slow marches and quicksteps; that there are Scotch, English, French and German songs; that the Italians sing airs, (but what are airs?) and that in popular concerts they could hear men with blackened faces sing "nigger melodies." This picture is not exaggerated, it is not a caricature, it is plain fact.

Now one of the most interesting objects of observation abroad has been the effect of music — orchestral music especially — upon these young men. It was years ago my conviction that if people would only listen quietly to the orchestral concerts in the music hall, — go there for the music, and not to flirt — just give themselves up to the influence of the tones, with no regard to any preconceived notions derived from articles in the papers or from any other source; that the simple listening to the different performances would be all that was necessary to lead them to enjoy symphony, and in time the very highest. A. & B. come here. They go to concerts because that is the fashionable amusement. At one place they hear dance music, potpourris and light arrangements from operas, and so forth. But once or twice a week they go and take their cup of coffee in the afternoon at Liebig's symphony concerts. Every body listens and so do they. Of much of the music they can make nothing. But it is a pleasant mode of spending the afternoon; they meet there a circle of countrymen; above all, they see how breathlessly the greater portion of the crowded audience hangs upon the tones of the orchestra, offended if they lose the lightest note, and the thought: "There must be a deep delight in this of which we know nothing," arises in their minds. A. says honestly, "I hate Beethoven." The symphonies are in fact tedious to him. But here comes one of Haydn's adagios, matchless in its simple beauty. He feels and can follow the theme. The minuet and trio which follow begin to have a meaning, and certain finales took hold of him from the first. He soon feels his way into Mozart and Mendelssohn, and the simpler of Beethoven's Symphonies. If he happens to hear Beethoven's Turkish March, or the variations from the choral pianoforte Fantasy, he is all wonderment. "Can that be Beethoven's music? I thought his music was so grand nobody could understand it without being 'musical!'"

In the course of two months the concerts of dance music have lost all attraction for him, but he is regular in his attendance on Liebig, and when the Spring oratorios or the final grand concerts of the season come, you will find him paying

his dollar to hear music, which three months before he found the greatest of 'bores.'

I repeat it, I am not exaggerating, — not drawing upon my imagination. There were Mr. C. and his wife, whom we all admired so much. They were from a small New England city, and I remember rightly, had never heard an orchestra in their lives. How often they thanked me for urging them to persevere at least a few weeks in trying to get hold of Symphonic music. The last time I saw them they said, the only regret now was that they had missed a single Liebig concert.

Another lady, of intellect and culture, such as make her able to judge, is not musical. Yet for her the deepest music of Beethoven has an irresistible charm. "Of musicians," said she once to me, "I know nothing. But Beethoven's music impresses me with the feeling that he was one of those few great creative geniuses the world has seen — that he stands with Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Michael Angelo!"

Now, to what 'focus', or rather how to combine all these themes into a simple finale or coda?

1st. It is no affectation on the part of those who have for many years been hearing and studying all kinds of music continually, when they say that many of the most popular vocal and instrumental works have no charm for them, because they have no depth of feeling, no high artistic merit. They have arrived at this conclusion just as naturally and imperceptibly as the college student has to his preference for the great masters of romance and poetry.

2d. It is no affectation of superior wisdom, when they aver that Handel's "Messiah," or "Israel in Egypt," Beethoven's, or Mozart's Symphonies, afford them a musical enjoyment (arising from their superior musical excellence,) which other music utterly fails of doing.

3d. Nothing but the simple giving one's self up to the influence of orchestral music, and hearing it often enough, is necessary to awaken the taste of most people for the best.

4th. A love for the greatest and best does not involve at all any necessity for not enjoying other music. Certainly a love for Emerson's works does not prevent one from enjoying even the broadest farce; nor an admiration for the Greek tragedies prevent one from his hearty laugh at Buckstone's fun.

5th. As the highest efforts of mind in literature and plastic art must remain "caviare to the general," so it is to be expected that the workings of the greatest musical minds should be beyond the reach of very many. Music is however so peculiar in its nature, that its noblest treasures may be opened to even the least informed in its science — that is, in so far as appreciation of music consists in feeling it — which is its true appreciation.

6th. The ninth Symphony of Beethoven, at first condemned by the critics because it did not meet their ideas of the laws of musical form, because its themes were so strange, new and original, the treatment of those themes so utterly novel, and especially because people had not heard Beethoven's music, until they felt in his tones what he would express, has now become to such an audience as was assembled the other evening here, as clear in its purport, as regularly progressive and as full of logical sequence as any of his others. Many admit, as I am inclined to

do, that there are passages, the effect of which is not what the deaf man expected, but they pass us by as do lapses in grammar or pronunciation, when we are all absorbed in the words of some mighty orator.

To me there is no work of instrumental music, which so reaches the very depths of the soul, as this.

As to the question of its being in fact the foundation of the new school of music, as the "Sinfonische Dichtung" men aver, it seems to me that the great master could not more decidedly have given his testimony against that school. As I understand it, these men would make of music an articulate speech for the expression of intellectual ideas. But Beethoven, having carried his musical expression to the highest point — in the opening of the fourth movement of the Ninth Symphony, attempts a recitative with the most manly part of his orchestra; it does not succeed; he follows up the attempt by giving them a popular melody. It is equally vain. For the expression of what he now has in mind — having passed from the region of pure feeling — nothing but the voice will answer, uttering words. So the voice of a strong man is heard: Oh, Friends, not *these* tones, but in more pleasing ones let us join; in tones more full of joy, and then the chorus of human voices takes up the strain!

Le Pardon de Ploermel.

MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA, PRODUCED AT THE OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS, APRIL 4.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* translates from the *Independence Bell*, of April 6th, a long account of Meyerbeer's new opera, omitting only some sentimental rhapsodies of the enthusiastic writer, whose name appended at the bottom of the article is *Paul d'Yvoi*, which, however, is probably a *nom de plume*.

Amid profound silence the overture began. It has already been stated that this overture is a *chef d'œuvre*, and that it will take its place among the fifteen or twenty acknowledged fine overtures. It is a species of prologue to the opera. It carries you at the very beginning to Brittany and its legends. You hear festal songs, then simpler airs, of a certain pastoral yet mysterious color; you witness the happiness of rustic pair, while in the background you fancy witches and goblins flitting by. You feel that this music belongs to a country of chivalrous traditions, of old fairy tales; and you know that you are going to hear one of those stories heard when you were a child, in the chimney corner, on a dark winter evening, with the wind wailing outside.

The overture begins with a mysterious movement of violoncellos, interrupted by the horn and clarinet. A passage for the violins, with mutes, of charming eccentricity, follows, and is repeated throughout the opera every time Dinorah appears. It is suggestive of her madness. Then you will remark the graceful allegretto, with tinkling bells, and a capricious movement of the violins, introducing the goat. A mysterious chorus, without accompaniment, and softened by the curtain, is now heard. It is cut short by a religious march, in the midst of which rises a superb air for the horn. Then the hymn is resumed, and grows more solemn; it mingles and interweaves with the noise of the storm, then rises above it, and terminates with an ascending march which, making the chorus still rise, reaches to a dazzling crescendo, and winds up with a brilliant peroration. The applause of the whole house greeted this great work and the rising of the curtain.

The stage represents a wild rocky scene, with a stormy sky, and old Breton sacrificial stones —

dolmens and menhirs—in the background. On one side is a little cabin hollowed out of the rocks. A crowd of Bretons, dressed in the picturesque costume of their country, cover the heights and sing a chorus in three-four time, on a rustic theme, the refrain of which, by the sopranos, has a charming effect. This chorus concludes with a beautiful decrescendo; the Bretons depart; the tinkling of a little bell is heard; the goat appears on a rock and bounds on the stage; Dinorah (Mme. Cabel) appears, running after her capricious animal. She stops and sings an air full of grace and strange irregularity—a lullaby, accompanied by the violins with mutes, and which concludes with brilliant passages imitating the songs of birds.*

But in the distance is heard a *biniou* (Breton bag-pipes), admirably imitated by the hautbois, the clarionet and the bassoon, upon an even pedalbass on which are constructed some new and very original modulations. Corentin (M. Sainte-Foy), the bag-piper, is on his way back from a neighboring village. He has been dwelling lately in the cabin of his uncle, old Father William, who has been dead for three months, and he himself is dying—of terror. He dreams of nothing but spectres, goblins, and fairies. To keep himself up he sings a very original and much applauded song. He then takes up his bag-pipes. Dinorah, the crazy girl, reappears, and there is between her and the bagpipes a contest of notes, variations and charming warblings. The girl goes into the cottage. Corentin mistakes her for a fairy, who makes the fellows dance till they die of fatigue. Just then there is a loud rap at the door, the girl escapes through the window, and Hoël enters abruptly.

Hoël tells his story: A year ago this day, the day of the Pardon of Ploërmel, he was to have married Dinorah. A storm came, the lightning struck and burned the house of his betrothed. He was in despair at the thought that she whom he loved was going to live in misery. Just then an old sorcerer named Tony said to him: "If we spend a year alone in the woods, without touching the hand of another man and without looking on a woman, we shall find the mysterious treasure guarded by the Korigans" (Breton Goblins). He consents to make the experiment. He has gone and has passed this year of trial. He returns ignorant that Dinorah has become crazy because he has deserted her. On this very night at midnight, he is to follow the goat that will guide him towards the treasure. But the first person that touches the treasure is to die. Hoël can think of nothing better than to get Corentin to touch it. He offers to share it with him if he will go along with him. Corentin, though a natural coward, is brave when he is drunk, so Hoël sends for wine. While he is alone, Hoël (M. Faure) sings an air, "*O puissante magie!*" of masterly breadth and power, followed by an allegro, "*De l'or, de l'or,*" and concluding with a brilliant passage, "*Me voila plus riche qu'un roi.*" The whole of this is of remarkable beauty, and all baritones will be wanting to sing it; none will do it with more talent, taste and success than Faure.

The syllabic duo which follows, between Faure and Sainte-Foy, is also very remarkable and was encored. At this moment the tinkling of the goat's bell is heard; Hoël and Corentin pursue it, Dinorah appears at the other side, and the act concludes with a charming trio, full of fancy and mystery, interrupted at times by the whistling of the winds and the heavy rumbling of the storm. Meyerbeer has here found a very new and original effect of contra-basses and drums to imitate thunder.

After an introduction, consisting of a fine waltz movement, the curtain rises and a forest is seen. The act begins with a men's drinking chorus, interrupted by the arrival of women also singing a chorus, accompanied by men singing with their mouths closed. When the drinkers and their wives have withdrawn, Dinorah arrives. She sings a charming lament, written so high that few singers could sing it without transposing it. This lament is simply the legend of the treasure. The moon then rises, and by an effect

of electric light, the shadow of Dinorah is thrown upon the ground, and she sings and dances with her shadow a very graceful polka-mazurka, the accompaniment of wind instruments to which is of rare beauty. Mme. Cabel does here some miracles of vocalization. The air terminates with a *point d'orgue* the most marvellous ever done by any singer. The scene changes, and we are in the Cursed Vale, the *Val Maudit*, where the treasure is hidden. It is night: the *Val Maudit* bears its name written on its gloomy appearance. The sky is stormy and dark, sprinkled with heavy clouds that now hide and now unveil the melancholy moon struggling among them. Great rocks arise, amid which rushes a torrent, between the rough banks of which lies the trunk of a fallen tree, serving for a bridge. It is near twelve o'clock.

Hoël and Corentin arrive, and Corentin sings some verses. "*Ah, que j'ai peur,*" in which the tremblings of terror and the trembling from cold are admirably expressed by the orchestra. An air sung by Faure, "*Sombre destinée,*" produced a great effect. It is accompanied by a tremolo of violins near the bridge, which gives to the piece a very quaint coloring. While Hoël goes to reconnoitre the road, Dinorah passes, singing the legend of the treasure. This song opens Corentin's eyes; he then learns that the first one that touches the treasure shall die. "That's the reason," says he, "why Hoël wanted me to go first." So when Hoël, returning, wishes Corentin to go on, he refuses and they sing a very original duo, bearing decidedly the stamp of the Opera-Comique.

Suddenly the goat appears bounding from rock to rock and passing over the tree stretched across the torrent. A few minutes more and the treasure may escape them. The thought strikes Corentin to make the crazy girl, who just then appears, touch it first. Hoël recognizes Dinorah, but he thinks it is a vision sent by the spirits to keep him back. He sings an air, "*Si tu vois ton père expirant,*" accompanied by the bass clarionet, of curious character and singular beauty; it suggests, without resembling, certain passages in *Der Freyschütz*.

The storm clears away: the crazy girl clammers over the rocks, steps on the trembling bridge and crosses it. At that moment a gust of wind rushes through the ravine; the thunder bursts, the bridge falls into the torrent, and Dinorah falls with it. Hoël plunges in to save Dinorah. The torrent overflows its banks, and dashes from rock to rock, breaking into foam, or into diamond-like spray, or cascades of genuine water. The moon casts a misty and troubled light from the crevices of the clouds upon the waters; the lightning is reflected from the cascades; the light changes from the greenish paleness of the stars, to the silvery reflections and flaming flashes of the lightning; everything seems to tremble, as if nature itself were going to be destroyed. These torrents of rushing water produce a grand and terrifying effect; the electric light gives to the scene a wonderful appearance. The illusion is complete; it is a real *Val Maudit*, a real moon, a real storm, and real torrents. The scene does the greatest credit to M. Depleschins and to the German machinists, M. Mühlendorf & Son, who came from Manheim to put it on the stage. As to the musical effect of the storm, it is very striking, and calls into play all the resources of the orchestra. Mme. Cabel is very dramatic in this scene, and in the very height of the tumult of the elements she utters some high notes that gleam above the mass of the orchestra like lightning on heavy clouds.

The curtain falls and after an entr'acte of fifteen minutes, begins the very original and beautiful introduction to the third act. You hear a quintet of horns playing a hunting air, different from any other known hunting air. This quintet concludes with a trill executed by a horn, while the reed instruments take up enharmonically a second exquisite air, creating a delightful surprise, and then the curtain rises. The scene is lovely; as gay and smiling as the other was gloomy and awful. The torrent is now only a brook; the bare rocks are replaced with banks

covered with turf, behind which is seen the belfry of the chapel of Ploërmel. We have here a rustic concert, the programme of which is a hunter's solo, a mower's solo, a shepherd's crook, duo and a quartet finale. Barielle sings very well the hunter's solo, the air accompanied by the horns, which is an innovation. The mower's solo is sung by a young tenor, with a lovely voice; he sharpens his scythe as he sings, and the sound of the iron against the stone is very well represented by the triangle and flute arpeggios. The shepherd's crook duo is sung by two pastoral ladies, Mme. Belia and another whose name escapes me. It is very original, and Mme. Belia especially sings it with great good taste. These four persons reappear in the scene and sing a very peculiar prayer, which they did much better at the general rehearsal than at the public performance; for at the latter, singing without accompaniment, they fell a quarter of a tone, which produced a singular effect when the orchestra started again.

This concert over, the piece went on. Corentin arrives in terror; then some melo-dramatic music announces the arrival of Hoël, and he appears carrying in his arms Dinorah, whom he has just rescued from the water. The sweet and plaintive strains of the violoncello touch you. Is Dinorah dead? Ah, no; the movement of the violins, imitating the beating of the heart, reassures you; she has only fainted. Hoël places her on a green bank, and to bring her to herself, he sings a delicious romance, admirably accompanied by the harps, and by sustained chords of the violoncello. Dinorah does not resist this magnetic appeal. She opens her eyes and looks around her. The fall into the torrent and the sight of her lover have restored her reason. She passes her hands over her brow, and exclaims, "Oh, what a dream!" Hoël seizes the idea, and, in a charming duo, persuades Dinorah that all that has happened in the past year is only a dream. Doubtless the fairy had dried the poor girl's clothes; otherwise they would have recalled the reality. Dinorah has, then, been dreaming; but, says she, while I slept, I was surrounded by my friends. It was the Pardon of Ploërmel, and they were singing a hymn to the Virgin. She tries to remember the air of this hymn; she seeks it by a succession of charming strains which lead to the air which, at that moment, the chorus takes up behind the scenes. Her friends surround her; she has only been dreaming, she can no longer doubt it. The hymn to the Virgin rises in all its religious majesty; a procession is formed, with banners fluttering in the wind, and people carrying shrines and votive vessels. Dinorah and Hoël, under a canopy, are going to be married. The procession approaches the chapel; before its steps the hills sink down, and we can see at a distance the chapel, the crowd of pilgrims and the festival of the Pardon. In the midst of the splendid finale which concludes the act and the opera, we do not notice the ridiculous words which finish the libretto:

Corentin. And the treasure?

Hoël. Lost; but her heart is worth all.

The applause went beyond all bounds. The most remarkable pieces were encored. The name of Meyerbeer was shouted and was cheered frantically. He was called for and came, dragged, in spite of himself, by Faure and Mme. Cabel; all hands clapped and all mouths cried bravo. The Caryatides let the ceiling rest on their heads, so that they might use their hands in applause. The Emperor and Empress, who staid till the last, applauded the maestro with warmth. It was an immense success.

M. Gounod's "Faust."

(From the London Athenaeum, March 26.)

THEATRE LYRIQUE, PARIS.—*The new "Faust."*—M. Gounod's five-act opera on this known subject, was produced on Saturday last, under circumstances of uncommon excitement and expectation. It may be doubted, whether on any previous occasion such a price for entrance was paid. If there was fatigue behind the curtain, owing to long and frequent rehearsals, there was, before it, fever; and the two conjointly make the steadiest judgment of the music

amount to but little beyond a statement of impressions.

As regards choice of subject, however, and the manner in which the story has been treated by MM. Barbier and Carré, in professed imitation of Goethe's drama—first and last thought must be one. The tale is unfit for the musical stage, if it be attempted in its integrity. Neither the German dramatist's *Faust* nor *Mephistopheles* can be rendered by concords or discords, by sweet *cantabile* or bitter *staccato* movement. This opinion, which we offered some time ago, was confirmed this day week. In the new opera *Faust*, becomes a washed-out *Robert le Diable*, *Mephistopheles a tame Bertram*. Only one of the three principal characters, *Margaret*, has been strong enough to keep anything like its original form or color. *Valentine*, the soldier-brother, comes out into a certain prominence. Many of the persons and scenes which give significance and variety to Goethe's play have been left out—others have been awkwardly jumbled together, leaving an outline to be filled up; the unmanageable nature of which will suggest itself when it is told, that the fourth act demands three, and the fifth, five changes of scene.

Possibly the very qualities which, as a theme for opera, should have repelled, may have beckoned to M. Gounod. That which has hitherto hindered the complete success of his genius on the stage has been his over-anxiety to produce cameo-like colors, passing lights, half-shades,—all that is comprehended in the untranslatable word “*nuance*”—his too great ingenuity in attempting to define those under-currents of emotion, which can be only (in music) introduced with any hope of success by the interpreting artist, and by him even with reserve. How large, how frank, how noble M. Gounod can be in his melodies and their treatment “Faust” shows abundantly in its choruses, and in most of its great situations; but his “Faust,” also, contains (as we shall indicate) too many charming passages, which never may be valued as they deserve, owing to their evanescent brevity. Crowding and change are faults as well as meagreness and monotony.—

They are as sick that surfeit with too much
As they that starve on nothing.

The scene of the First Act—to come to particulars—is laid in the study of *Faust* (M. Barbot), and is preluded by a gloomy but arresting introduction (in G minor?) finely written, and passing into a major close on a broad phrase of melody which would have borne expatiation. To avoid the monotony of a long scene sustained by male voices alone, *Mephistopheles* (M. Balanqué) being the other character who takes part in the prologue,—the soliloquy of the aged Philosopher, etc. the Demon appears who is to give him back his youth, is broken by snatches of music behind the scenes,—the first of these, a too-short pastoral of delicious elegance. So, again, his duet with the Tempter is lightened by the delicate and aerial music which accompanies the vision of *Margaret*. This is choice instrumented. The Second Act, also a single scene and not a very long one, is the *Kermesse*. In this *Valentine* (M. Reynal) has a leading part; here, too, *Mephistopheles*, with an awkward transposition from the original play, causes confusion and brawl by striking out fire from the fountain; here *Margaret* (Madame Miolan-Carvalho) crosses the stage, only pausing for a few moments, detained by the passionate admiration of *Faust*. The choruses throughout this act are excellent, especially if compared with those in “Herculanum,” the last opera choruses we had heard. They breathe, and burn, and stir. An episode in the opening chorus pleased so much that the audience interrupted the movement to demand it again. The second, a waltz with dancers, is more gracious, not less animated. The third, for the drinkers, is also very good. If the drinking song of *Mephistopheles* pleased us less, this may have been owing to the singer, on whom the emotion of a first night may have told. But the music of the Demon throughout M. Gounod's opera, however quaint and grim in places, will prove, we suspect, when looked into, deficient in the acid irony demanded by the world's idea of the part, which, possibly, can be only indicated, not fully sustained in music.

Act the Third is one garden and night scene, which for the first time brings prominently forward the heroine. Passing a short ballad for *Siebel* (Mille. Faivre), a person whose presence in the opera is superfluous, the music consists of Margaret's ballad and her pretty wonder on finding the jewel casket (which was deposited at the opening of the scene), the two inwrought so as to make a *sorita* for the *prima donna*—her love-making with *Faust*, ingeniously framed within a quartet, in which *Mephistopheles* and *Martha* (Madame Duclou) likewise take part,—lastly, her admission of her lover to the fatal interview. This act is full of delicious details, which (to return to our

opening remark) are accumulated with too lavish a hand. Margaret's “King of Thule” is a right good folk's-tune, however; her jewel-bravura, though delicate as well as childishly gay, loses some of its effect in consequence of its being written a good third too low for the accomplished voice that sings it. The quartet is new in form, owing to the prolonged and separate employment of the two pairs of voices. Very delicious are the phrases given to the young lovers; and so felicitous is the combination of the four towards the close that the ear longed for more—the movement ending too inconclusively. The public, however, was not of our judgment, perpetually interrupting the act with applause which would not wait, and calling for the performers when the curtain fell. The fourth, or what may be called the Cathedral Act, establishes its composer, past doubt or question, as the next in serious French opera to Signor Rossini, and M. Meyerbeer. But it may be observed that in its opening scene of Margaret alone, M. Gounod has been compelled to measure himself against the best composer of German ballads who ever lived,—and to present anew *Gretchen* at her spinning-wheel. Her song, with its whirling accompaniment, is as good and fresh as there was any chance of its being. It had been better avoided, however; especially since the talk of the girls at the fountain, with Margaret creeping homeward, shame-stricken, might have instead been selected, to show that “her peace is gone—her heart is sore.” This, too, would have averted the change of scene, which now takes place, bringing us to the outside of the church. We have next *Mephistopheles*'s serenade, the return of the soldiers, with an incomparably triumphant chorus (furiously re-demanded), the quarrel betwixt *Faust* and *Valentine*, and the interposition of the Demon, wrought up into a spirited *trio*, the death of Margaret's brother, and his imprecation against his terrified heart-broken sister, who greets him but to find him perishing—of her shame! The treatment of this encounter leaves nothing to be desired, and as a concerted piece it is majestic and terrible, and most happy in the solemn peal of choral voices heard from within the church, inwrought at its close—if only as prefacing what the necessities of this awkward book demanded, another change of scene: which displays us to the interior of the church. Here we have the well-known “*Dies ira*;” Margaret in her agony, and the Devil at her ear tempting her to despair. The grouping of the three different emotions is in the highest style of Art; the seething (as it were) of the lurid cauldron which accompanies the fearful incitements of the Tempter,—the passion of distress and prayer, not utterly hopeless, as the child-mother pours out her whole soul of sorrow and penitence, in a last desperate appeal ere her senses fail her,—the awful, passionless, judicial severity of the monkish chant, are combined in a manner irresistibly dramatic. Here, again, the excitement of the audience was wrought to a high pitch, and with full reason.

The Fifth Act, containing only five changes of scene, commences with the Walpurgis revel. This opens well and wildly with shrill, short phrases, dropped from every quarter of the heavens, as it were by unseen singers. But they cease too soon; ere the ear has seized their novelty; and the whole diabolical music of this night-picture is less effective than we had expected, recollecting the strange wordless symphony among the ruins in M. Gounod's “*Nonne Sanglante*.” The scene includes a transformation to a hall of Pagan enchantment and revel, which contains a chorus of luscious sweetness. From this we return to another part of the Brocken, for the sake of the apparition of Margaret, which is not happily managed. In the closing orgy the cries of devilry perilously approach the verge of burlesque. Then falls, what the French call a “*toile d'attente*,” to rise, after a prolonged and melancholy symphony, on the last scene—that of Margaret in her prison. From the first to the last note of this catastrophe, which naturally takes the form of a *terzetto* on the most ambitious scale, M. Gounod proves equal to the situation. The part of Margaret is exquisitely treated. One phrase, where her wandering brain goes back to the days of her innocence, is irresistible in its tender sweetness. Excellent, too, is the mutual burst of recognition, when she knows again that her false lover is near her; while the winding-up, the strife betwixt Good and Evil, which becomes close and pressing as moments grow precious, is wrought out in a climax of fearless excitement and passionate energy, without peer in any combination of a similar kind that we recollect, often as it has been attempted. With a calm, celestial, and stately chorus of apotheosis and angelic vision “*Faust*” concludes. This day week the hymn could be hardly heard, so impatient was the uproar of enthusiasm excited by the prison trio. A more complete success, a more rapturous greeting, neither theatre,

composer, nor artist could desire. In 1851 the name of M. Gounod was unknown, save to some half-a-dozen persons.

Long as these notes have been, it must be repeated that they contain only first impressions of a serious work on the largest scale. Meanwhile, there is no doubt that in producing “*Faust*,” the *Théâtre Lyrique* has done its best. It is not M. Barbot's fault if he has neither the grace of person nor grace of voice such as the hero's part demands. Lovely tenor voices, handsome men, and passionate actors (the three in one) are among Earth's greatest rarities. M. Balanqué, again, was less satisfactory than (to compare) M. Obin might have been; but M. Obin is at the *Grand Opéra*. The *Valentine* deserves a word of praise; and nowhere could French, German, or Italian composer have found a *Margaret* superior to Madame Miolan-Carvalho. Her acting is simple, natural, and intense, without a tinge of affectation. Her voice, save in a middle note or two to which no force can be applied, in the scenes of passion seems absolutely to transform itself into the powerful and penetrating organ which we know it not to be. Her style is admirable, whether expression or breadth is called for, or that more familiar mood of liveliness, or elegance, by which, till now, she has been principally known. The chorus and orchestra are excellent; the scenery is picturesque and probable.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

PART SINGING.—The meeting of 6,000 male part-singers, made up of 150 societies convoked from every corner of France, took place in Paris at the close of last week. The great gatherings were in the *Palais de l'Industrie*. The voices were supported by a small organ, with upwards of a score of double-basses, and the band of the 1st Regiment of Cuirassiers. The chief conductor was M. Delaporte, formerly organist of Sens, who seems of late to have come forward in the matter. He was assisted (a sight strange to English eyes) by some eight or nine subordinate conductors:—thereby, it might have been fancied, multiplying the risk of vacillation some eight or nine times.—On the whole, however, allowing for the want of habit of the French *Orpheons* to congregate in masses, this vast body, made up of disconnected forties, was well under discipline. The tone, too, was better than could have been expected by those familiar with our neighbors. The old sarcasm, “such or such another nose has got a good voice,” bids fair to become inapplicable to the French, whether they sing singly or in numbers. The mass of sound, as is always the case in these monster gatherings, was less imposing than was looked for. Many of the amateurs sang timidly; some not at all; but the sonority was good; though not so poignant as that of a male chorus in Germany, nor so rich as the tone would be from an assemblage of England's north-country singers. Among the pieces most suitable and successful were Mendelssohn's “*Hunter's Farewell*,” Mozart's “*O Isis*,” and the “*Lord's Day*,” by Kreutzer. The mistake made, to our thinking, was in the *Septuor* from “*Les Huguenots*,” accompanied by the brass band; yet it seemed to please the most among the pieces in the first part. It was encored; and, considering its difficulty and unfitness for choral execution, it went better than might have been expected. On the Saturday, idyllic contests for prizes took place among the different bodies, divided into three parts.

The second meeting in the *Palais de l'Industrie* went off with such spirit that it was found expedient to announce a third for Tuesday. In the evening of the last day, a performance of “*Herculanum*” was offered, by Imperial command, to the singers, the entire theatre being reserved for them, with gratuitous hospitality. Nothing livelier can be imagined than the Rue Lepeletier during an hour and a half before the doors of the *Grand Opéra* opened. More merry and more orderly no troop of invited guests could have been. Falling into line, as is the usage in France, they beguiled the time by a vigorous singing of their best part-songs—now in one joint of the *queue*—now in another. It may be doubted whether expectation of pleasure was ever seen lighting up a larger number of faces than were collected together on Tuesday. The theatre had been so arranged by removal of fixed seats as to accommodate more than double its usual audience. It must have been strange to the artists on its stage to sing and dance and play to an exclusively male public. The Festival, in short, may be described as successful beyond expectation; and may have important results.—*Athenaeum*, April 2.

DON GIOVANNI.

Andante Grave.

OVERTURE.

The musical score consists of six staves of handwritten musical notation. The first staff begins with a dynamic of *f* *Ped.* and includes markings for *** and *f*. The second staff starts with *p*, followed by *ff* and **p*. The third staff begins with *p* and ends with *f*. The fourth staff starts with *p* and ends with *p*. The fifth staff begins with *p* and ends with *p*. The sixth staff begins with *p* and ends with *p*.

Allegro Molto.

Don Giovanni.



Don Giovanni.

7

The musical score consists of two staves of eight measures each. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The first measure features eighth-note chords. Measures 2-4 show sixteenth-note patterns with grace notes. Measure 5 includes a dynamic change to forte (f) and a bassoon-like line. Measures 6-8 continue with sixteenth-note patterns. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. Measures 1-4 feature eighth-note chords. Measures 5-8 show sixteenth-note patterns with grace notes. The music concludes with a final dynamic of forte (f).

Don Giovanni.



Hector Berlioz has completed an opera entitled the "Trojans," the manuscript, it is said, having been submitted to the Committee of the Grand Opera.

It is affirmed that Liszt, the famous pianist, is about to visit Paris, and will give a series of concerts. Vieuxtemps has concluded his concerts at the Salle Herz. One of his solos, which created quite an excitement, was a fantasia upon American negro airs.

Christy's Minstrels, after playing three weeks to very good houses, have left Paris and returned to England. The funniest souvenir we have of them is a little pamphlet, containing their songs translated into French.—*Cor. N. Y. Express.*

Germany.

The Lower Rhine Whitsuntide Festival will, this year, be held at Düsseldorf. The programme will include a Symphony by Schumann, Handel's "Samson," an Overture by Bach, a Psalm by Mendelssohn, a sacred composition by Herr Ferdinand Hiller (who will conduct the Festival), a selection from Gluck's "Iphigenie en Tauride" and Beethoven's Symphony in A. Madame Ney will sing there, and Herr Niemann, described by a correspondent as "having the finest tenor voice in Germany." Herr Hiller's "Saul," first performed, as readers may recollect, at last year's Cologne Festival, has been recently given at Vienna, we are informed, on good authority, with success.

A Schiller Festival is to be held, at Weimar, on the 10th of June, instead of in November, when the birthday of the composer really fell. On the 9th will be performed a piece of music written for the occasion by Dr. Liszt, and Beethoven's 9th Symphony with the "Ode to Joy"; on the 11th will be acted "The Robbers,"—after which will be a torch procession; on the 13th "Fiesco"; on the 15th "Cabal and Love,"—the series of dramatic celebrations winding up on the 30th with "William Tell."

England.

Dublin papers speak in the highest strain of praise and pleasure of Signor Verdi's "Macbeth," produced there on the 30th of last month, with the utmost possible success. The hero was enacted by Signor Graziani, who is described as having shown unusual warmth in the part; the *Lady* by Madame Viardot, with a power, passion and impressiveness which (to quote from the journals) took "the audience by storm" in the letter, the murder, and the banquet scenes,—and "held it spell-bound" in the catastrophe of remorse. This, we imagine to be no exaggeration; remembering the unrivaled power as an operatic actress displayed by her in *Fides and Rachel*.

Miss Balfe is on her way to London—if not already here; under engagement, it is advertised, to sing at Drury Lane. Mdlle. Jenny Meyer has arrived. M. Jules Stockhausen announces his intention of passing the month of May in London, and of giving *Matinées* in conjunction with Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim.

There seems no end "to the movement" in the Provinces, and, save as regards English musical drama, hardly a limit to the variety of its objects. At Glasgow, we find a local Professor, aided by "the members of the Choral Union," has been able to attract his friends by nothing less severe and statuesque than a reading of the "Antigone," with a performance of Mendelssohn's choruses. But "the wonder of wonders" is the simple Catalogue of the music performed during the last two seasons, at Mr. Halle's *Orchestral Concerts* in Manchester, (these, it should be added, by no means the solitary musical entertainments of the place). The copiousness of this baffles all power of condensation; but we may mention that it includes two oratorios, five choral selections from operas or dramas with music, twenty symphonies, three times as many overtures, and some half a hundred instrumental solos by the greatest living players—many of which are unknown in London. With the songs we cannot pretend to deal. The document, we repeat, is a curiosity, as a record of success marking a period in the story of Music in England.—*Athenaeum, April 9.*

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, APRIL 2.—When Handel used to visit Leipzig from Halle in his youth to see his friend Tellemann, it took him rather longer to cross the monotonous plains between, than it took me by railroad on the 23d day of March, in this year of Grace, 1859. I doubt, however, if he met a more kindly reception

from his friend than I from mine, Dr. CHRYSANDER, of whom I have written before. I found him as usual overwhelmed with work, just putting the finishing touches to the Handel Society's new edition of "Acis and Galatea," and of Handel's pianoforte works, which make up with "Susannah" the issues for the first year. The aggregate will be from 500 to 700 pages folio of splendidly engraved music, on good paper, in full orchestral score, for ten thalers (\$7.50!). Next year "Hercules" follows, and, I believe, "Athaliah." The King of Hanover is so pleased with the edition of "Susannah" and so confident of the honest intention of the editors to give the real Handel, and nothing else, that he has subscribed 1,000 thalers per annum to the undertaking until it is finished. Can we do nothing in our country?

Chrysander is a man who excites my enthusiasm. I know what he has to contend with; how untiringly he has labored; how often the great work has been forced to lie in abeyance, while he earned bread; how industriously he has studied the music of Handel's contemporaries and predecessors; how willingly, nay gladly, he receives and carefully proves all objections to and criticisms upon his publicly expressed opinions; how singly he looks to the truth, and the truth alone. I know how far beyond any other man he has extended his researches, and what rich results he has gained. In Germany, he is not sustained. His enthusiasm for Handel is looked upon as enmity to Bach! He is viewed as a partisan, and nothing can be more incorrect, more ungenerous than this. For his own sake I wish him support, but more for the sake of Handel, and for ourselves. The thought that the treasures of knowledge, which he has accumulated, should be lost, is to me a very painful one, and they must be so, unless a public somewhere be found willing to sustain him in his effort to edit the great composer's works. Cannot the public libraries of our cities afford \$7.50 annually for three volumes?

"Why do I urge this so strongly?" you ask. Because I enjoy Handel's music so much.—"Why do I enjoy it so much?"—Because of all vocal music it is that which touches my feelings deepest and gives me the greatest real musical enjoyment. Moreover I would have his works within the reach of every musical student, to whom they should be in his studies, what Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, Shakespeare, Milton and the great masters of English are to the student of literature. When I mark the progress of Handel's oratorios in England and Germany within my own memory, see how popular they are growing, beyond their popularity in any other epoch, I feel that no other means of affording so much musical enjoyment to the masses at home can be found.

Just try "Acis and Galatea" and see if it does not succeed.

I was too busy during my short stay in Leipzig to do anything in the way of visiting. Of the Professors in the Conservatorium I only met PLAIDY, who is busy as ever teaching the technics of pianoforte playing as few others can.

Of music I heard but little. The Thomas boys in their Saturday afternoon motets, one about 16 years of age conducting, (I wish they could sing once in the Music Hall!), and a first rehearsal with orchestra of Bach's great mass. It was a shocking bad rehearsal, reminding me of old Handel and Haydn times, and did not keep me long. There was a Gewandhaus concert, mostly made up of Schumann's music to Byron's Manfred, but I had on that evening, as the Frenchman put it, "to go and fry some fish."

The number of pupils in the Conservatorium Plaidy stated at 104, "about." The only Americans of whom I heard (and saw) are Tracy, sometime organist in Bangor, Me., Buck of Hartford, and Locke (?) of New York, all young and apparently earnest students.

A little home sickness in Leipzig is a soft impeach-

ment which must be confessed. I could but look at that house by the Peter gate with a slight tinge of sadness coloring my feelings. Pratt is gone! The place knoweth Clapp no more. Then too, every time I crossed the market place my eyes lingered upon that corner house and my thoughts crossed the ocean and dwelt upon those with whom such pleasant hours had been passed there. Dear hearts all of them!

One rainy evening I could not resist the temptation to leave the promenade, pass through the arch, cross the bridge and go down to that huge caravansery wherein, at one end, dwelt Wilson, and at the other "Das Fraulein" about two generations ago—say four years. Well, this indulging of reminiscences is a "parlous" matter, and I must cease, lest some good friend in view of all these "generations" should see fit to exclaim: "A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, 'when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is world to see!' Well said, i' faith, neighbor Verges;—well; God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth, he is as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped; All men are not alike; alas, good neighbor!"

So no more allusions to the past.

By the way, Plaidy says that the story has come to Leipzig that GOCKEL is dead. Is this so? I have seen no notice to that effect in the Journal; the professors of the Conservatorium thought much of him and would be glad of authentic information on the point. He was the pupil, who was to play a Concerto once, and when the time came, Mendelssohn looked round and asked Plaidy, "Where's Gockel?" The latter went into the lobby, found him, and asked what he was doing? "Cooling myself," said he. Plaidy hurried him, he rushed into the hall, stumbling over a music stand or two, and began like lightning. He had sixteen measures solo, which gave the orchestra time to get ready and fall in at the right moment. I believe I told the story once before, but my volume of the Journal for 1855-6 is missing—lost in America, "I guess."

In the great libraries of Leipzig, that of the University and that of the city, I found little of value to me; but the Becker collection of music and musical works, now in the latter, is something to covet. Still we shall have some good works in ours that the Leipzigers may in turn wish for. Becker's collection is very rich in choral and song literature and music. It was a splendid gift to the city, and made me regret for the hundredth time that there is not public spirit enough in Boston among the editors of musical works to secure a copy of everything printed, for preservation. I care not how bad a book may be. If it be really not worth the space it would occupy in a private library, that is a double reason why the public should save a copy. Some time or other there will be a history to American music. Then somebody will study it and write it out. For him nothing can be too insignificant to have a certain value.

A. W. T.

NEW YORK, MAY 2.—Mr. Ullman closed his opera season last Saturday with a matinée. Flotow's *Martha* was given, FORMES, LABORDE, SBRIGLIA and BERKEL taking part. It was a success, which is more than can be said of the short season, taken as a whole. I understand that it has not paid expenses, though the loss has not been very great. For the last few nights STEFANI and MORELLI were engaged, yet even with these additions, the houses were not crowded. *La Favorita* was given twice, and magnificently rendered, GAZZANIGA being superlatively fine in the last act. The other operas of this short season have been *Traviata*, *Lucrezia*, *Martha* and *Norma*. In the latter, the new prima donna, ALAIMO, appeared and failed. She only sang once. Her voice is worn and tremulous, but she made some happy

hits, especially in the last act, and did not deserve such universal condemnation from the press as she received. She is a good actress yet, and I can readily imagine, has been an excellent singer in her time.

On Wednesday, PICCOLOMINI commences her farewell engagement, appearing in *Traviata* with BRIGNOLI and AMODIO. She will during this engagement, sing the parts of Adina in *L'Elisire d'Amore*, Alice in *Robert le Diable*, and Paulina in *I Martiri*.

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was repeated, last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the tenor PICKANESER, who always sings as if he had a severe cold in his head. The audience comprised a great number of our musical people, including Strakosch with the majority of his company. Carl Formes was there and seemed to know everybody, as he bobbed around, a perfect walking polyglot, talking by turns in French, German, and English—anon crying Bravo, and clapping his hands very vigorously at a favorite strain, and all the time looking just like Leporello, in *Don Giovanni*.

The performance was not equal to the previous ones, and there was considerable dissatisfaction manifested at the delay that occurred previous to the raising of the curtain. This delay was caused by the unwillingness of the orchestra to play without some material guarantee that they should be paid for the night's work. Let this fact be borne in mind by those correspondents of Dwight's Journal who are so excessively Teutonic in their predilections. These Art-loving Germans, who are supposed to be so devoted to music, refused to interpret one of the greatest works of one of their greatest music-apostles, simply because they were not sure of being paid for it.

The Philharmonic Society gave a concert last evening but presented little that was new. The Soprano, Mrs. INMAN, who was advertised, did not sing, and in her place a quartet of male singers were introduced.

You remember poor BOSIO. The New York papers have generally done justice to her memory in giving her long and generally judicious obituary notices. The last time I heard Bosio was at Birmingham, during her last provincial tour in England. She sang in *Trovatore* at the theatre in that noisy city, Neri-Beraldi, Graziani and Didié assisting. In this opera, as Leonora, Bosio was good but not great. She never could be a great tragic actress, because she was too thoroughly lady-like to get excited. But her voice was delicious, and she trilled beautifully. In the air preceding the *Miserere*, (the same which LaGrange gave so exquisitely), she was excellent, and in the prison scene again, was decidedly ineffectual.

Her chief triumphs in New York were in *Puritani*, *Sonnambula* and *Lucia*. In the latter Opera she and Salvi made what the Bowery boys call a "team," and to hear the two in the final duet of the first act was decidedly a "gilly go." There are a certain set of opera goers here, who had determined to have operatic traditions of their own, and chose Bosio as their pet. Never since she left America, has this "set" heard any body equal to Bosio. To those her death will be a peculiar loss, especially as they were congratulating themselves on her approaching return to this city.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 2.—*Tannhäuser* was repeated, as announced, at the Stadt Theatre last Thursday; and to a crowded, and certainly most good-natured audience. For when, on account of some difficulty about the pay of the orchestra, the commencement of the performance was delayed full three quarters of an hour, without a word of explanation being given, the general impatience and indignation found vent in nothing worse than stamping, and frequent calls for "Musika!" "Hoym," "Hauclalm," (the two directors) and the like, without the slightest approach to vulgarity or impropriety of any serious kind. In an American theatre a miniature riot would have been

the lightest consequence of such an impertinence on the part of the management. Of the performance, the best that can be said is that it was very good for the powers employed. It was much better than I had expected, even though friends who had been present at previous representations, thought that the effects of the pause and want of practice were plainly discernible.

One feature struck me as contrasting agreeably with the Italian performances which we are accustomed to hear. All the singers, both in solos and chorus, were evidently in earnest, and tried to do their best. There was none of the flippancy and indifference which so often characterizes Italian acting, even through the veil of superficial passion. I remember to have seen Amodio, in the death scene in *Traviata*, make a whispered remark to the waiting-woman which nearly convulsed her with laughter, nor did she take particular pains to hide the broad grin that was so entirely out of place while she was assisting her suffering mistress. Nothing of this kind was perceptible on Thursday evening; the lowest "sup" kept up his character completely. Mr. PICKANESER, as *Tannhäuser*, exerted himself rather too much—he overacted, and strained his voice—his lady, as Venus, was, I am sorry to say, beneath criticism, both in singing, acting, and "making up,"—her costume was unpardonably shabby. Of the solo singers, Madame SIEDENBURG, as Elizabeth, was decidedly the best, in every respect; she always sings well, though her voice is thin and worn; her acting was good, and her costume, as were, indeed, most of the others, quite in character. Wolfram von Eschenbach was very well represented by Mr. LEHRMANN, who has a most agreeable voice, and acted naturally. The most satisfactory part of the performance, however, was that taken by the orchestra and the choruses. The former was good throughout; the latter, as well as some of the ensembles, mostly so. The march was, as usual, encored, and the whole performance won hearty applause, and interested the audience sufficiently to keep the greater part of it together till after midnight. I believe, however, it is not to be given again for the present.

The Philharmonic concert, on Saturday, was very well attended, every one wishing, now, to lay in a store of music for the long season of drought before us. Beethoven's beautiful Fourth Symphony, Liszt's *Preludes*, and Weber's *Euryanthe* were the orchestral pieces. Of the first and last I need only say that in their rendering the orchestra surpassed themselves. This holds good, too, of Liszt's composition, which requires, however, some farther comment. My Brooklyn colleague, "Bellini," has given you his opinion of it. The impression it produced upon me before I became familiar with it, was similar to the one he received—only I would illustrate it differently—it seemed to me a piece of patchwork, or a mass of fragments, some beautiful, some ugly, heterogeneously jumbled together. Yet as you listen to the work of tener, it assumes more shape and comeliness, and you cannot but admire the wonderful effects of instrumentation. In these, however, as in many of the figures and phrases, a close resemblance to the music of *Tannhäuser* is unmistakable. The fragmentary character of the whole was satisfactorily explained by the quotation from Lamartine which was given in the programme, and upon which the composition seems based.

The soloists announced for the evening were Richard HOFFMANN and Madame INMAN, a prima donna fresh from England. The former played Mendelssohn's beautiful "Serenade and Allegro Giojoso," a "Spinnlied" by Spindler, a pretty graceful little thing, and Chopin's Polonaise, Op. 53, in A flat. All these he rendered with his usual unquestioned excellence; the only fault some have to find with him is, that, when encored after the Polonaise, he could play a mere show-piece of his own, on themes from *Rigoletto*! Verdi after Chopin does not taste well! Madame Inman was announced as too ill to appear, and the audience owe all possible gratitude to several performers who, on a few hours' notice, consented to fill up the voids in the programme. There were four gentlemen who played a quartet for French Horns

by Weber; and four others, among them Messrs. BEUTLER and MAYER, who sang some four-part songs with much taste and feeling. Strangely enough, several of our dailies have made no mention of the kindness and obligingness shown by these artists, but I can assure them from experience, that it was widely felt among the audience.

I have long since resigned myself to pass over in silent indignation the numerous mutilations to which your printers subject my own communications, but in justice to the absent "A. W. T." I must protest against some unconscionable typographical errors in his last "Diary," and thus save him from the imputation of being a spiritualist or,—what is about the same thing, a fool. He is made to take a walk about Halle with Prof. Thorbecke, a man who has been dead over six months, having perished in the Austria, instead of Prof. Tholuck, the eminent divine. Then, unless his informant thought him and his friends, as Americans, fit subjects for being gullied, it is utterly impossible that any person who knew anything about Goethe and *Shakespeare*,* could have been so stupid as to pretend that they met anywhere. "A. W. T." probably refers to the house formerly occupied by the Musik-director and composer Reichardt, where it is quite probable that Goethe and Schiller, or Goethe and Schelling met at sometime—as Reichardt was acquainted with all the literary men of that time. This is the nearest approach I can make to *Shakespeare* among Goethe's contemporaries.

—t—

* *Shakespeare* it is clearly in the "copy." Will our friend, "T." the greater, explain?—ED.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 7, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—We commence this week, and shall continue at intervals, four pages at a time, another Opera, arranged for the Piano-forte. We have selected that Opera which, of all others, offers the most that is interesting as an instrumental work, namely, "DON GIOVANNI." We doubt not very many of our readers, who have skill at the piano, will rejoice to get this masterpiece of MOZART, entire, in such a form that they can recall its beauties and its grandeur with a pair of hands.

Death of Madame Bosio.

The lyric world has met with a sudden and severe loss. ANGIOLINA BOSIO, whom we remember with more pleasure than any prima donna who has sung in opera in this country, or than any singer except Jenny Lind—Bosio, who, since she left America in 1851, had risen till she stood, by general consent, at the head of living female Italian opera singers,—died on the 12th of April at St. Petersburg. The immediate cause of her death is not yet reported; but she was always of a delicate and frail constitution, and has suffered from an affection of the lungs, which, it is probable, has at last proved fatal to her in the cold capital of Russia. The London *Times*, of April 15, in noticing the performance at the Royal Italian Opera, thus describes the effect of the sad news:

Had the acting of Signor Ronconi, nevertheless, been ten times as great and all the rest of the performance to match it, it would have failed to create any deep sense of enjoyment in the audience which filled the theatre last night. A heavy gloom, indeed, hung over the proceedings—gloom which the brightest manifestations of genius would have failed to dispel. The telegraphic wire in the course of the day had brought intelligence from the capital of Russia at once disastrous to the theatre and to Art. Before the opera commenced, news of the early and unexpected death of one as much admired by the public as she was esteemed and loved by her fellow-artists, and who for years past had been a brilliant ornament, not only of the Royal Italian Opera in London but of the chief lyric theatres of the Continent, was conveyed from mouth to mouth, until it circled all over the house. Madame Angiolina Bosio, the most accomplished soprano of the day, expired at St. Petersburg, on Tuesday last, after a very short illness. She was about to start for England to fulfil her engagement with Mr. Gye. The manager of the Royal Italian Opera, however, was not des-

tined again to derive advantage from her distinguished co-operation, nor his subscribers to be charmed by her graceful presence and delighted by her brilliant and exquisite vocalization. The syren, endeared to all, had sung her last note. Such melancholy intelligence could not but exercise a prejudicial influence alike on the efforts of the performer to please, and the faculty of the audience to appreciate. In all probability, had Mr. Gye been in London, instead of Paris, the theatre would have been closed for one night at least. Such a mark of respect would have been no more than was due to the memory of such an artist as Madame Bosio, whose place it will for some time be difficult, if not impossible, to fill.

Doubtless the European Art journals will soon furnish us with a full sketch of her career. At present we can only recall a few particulars. She was born in Turin, August 20, 1829, and first studied music at Milan, under Cattaneo. So rapid was her progress that in July, 1844, being then only fifteen years old, she made her debut in Milan, in *I due Foscari*, by Verdi, and with a success wonderful for one so young. After a brief engagement there, she went to Verona, where she confirmed the best hopes of her friends and excited great interest among the opera-goers. We next hear of her in the North, at Copenhagen, where she became so popular that great efforts were made to induce her to accept an engagement for six years; but the climate was against her, and she refused. Her leave-taking at Copenhagen is described as something remarkable. Next we find her in Madrid, at the Circo theatre, creating an immense enthusiasm among the Spaniards.

She was soon afterwards engaged for a short time in Paris, but we recollect no glowing reports of her from that metropolis. Admired she must have been, however, by the more discerning. In 1848 she went to Havana, a member of Marti's troupe, and came thence to New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Among our most memorable opera experiences was the visit of this Havana troupe, which brought us Steffanone, Badiali, Marini, and so many admirable artists. But the finest impression made at once by any of them, and one that lasted and still grew upon us, was that of Bosio. Her coming from New York to Boston (1850) was almost an emerging from obscurity; the larger city was too much preoccupied with Steffanone, and coarser and more muscular models of lyrical intensity, like Parodi. She sang here but a few times that season, but these sufficed to win the admiration of all persons of true taste and culture. Such fire and delicate force, such spiritual fascination, and such imaginative talent, as she then showed as Lucia, as Lucrezia Borgia, and as Lady Macbeth, were new to us upon the stage. Those few fortunate persons, who were present that stormy night at the Howard Athenaeum, when Verdi's "Macbeth" was performed for the first and last time in this country, and when, whatever might be thought of the music, the beautiful *abandon* and completeness of Bosio's impersonation, her action, voice, singing, all, made it one of the rare and thrilling moments of their lyrical experience, will never forget it. Slight in figure; with features neither plain nor handsome, but lit up with the continual play of life; with one of the pure silvery soprano voices, managed with a perfect method, and infallible good taste; thoroughly the lady in her manners and in all her movements, she might not pour the full-blooded passion of a Parodi or a Steffanone into her music, but she won her way by a more subtle, soulful, intellectual charm.

This was the sincere record of our impression after her first performance of Lucia: "It was not merely the fine, pure, vibrating, flexible voice, trained to most finished, easy execution; nor the faultless style, clearly tracing every finest line and tint of beauty in the music; nor the true Italian fervor, transporting singer and audience with something better than the blood-heat which goes by the name of passion; nor the consummate grace and truthfulness of action; nor the rare intellectual subtlety and penetration manifest throughout. It was all these blended with a certain leaven of the spiritual, we might almost say, the supernatural element. It was a higher sphere of lyric impersonation than we had felt in any other prima donna. It was the true lyric transport, a calm exaltation from beginning to end, from which it was cruel to startle her into reluctant acknowledgements of applause. This lifted it above all danger of the least extravagance, while it was all as dramatic and intense as the part could be."

And of her Lucrezia: "There were great points in her impersonation; but it was even more satisfactory as a whole. The trained voice, which physically had scarcely more weight than her light and fairy figure, was ever an obedient and unwearied Ariel to the imagination. It was equal to the vindictive pride, as well as to the mother's tenderness of the Borgia. And did it at all detract from probability or interest, that you saw and heard a lady-like, a finely-organized, a spiritual Borgia, rather than a bold physical embodiment of all voluptuousness and masculine impetuosity in female form? Rather admit that when, with that light voice and form, you see that where there is a will there is a way, you have something much more truly marvellous and Borgia-like."

In May 1851, she visited us again, and more than confirmed the first impression. The memorable thing of that year, never since surpassed, was Bosio's Zerlina, with Truffi's Donna Anna. If there be anything more exquisite, more perfect, in singing and in action than Bosio's Zerlina, we have yet to witness it. The impersonation was not only simple, natural and pretty, but in the sincerest sense refined. Those who remember Bosio in that, will have little difficulty in accepting M. Oulibicheff's idea of Zerlina as something higher than a common rustic girl.

Bosio returned to Europe in 1851, and all our American admiration of her as an artist and a lady were soon fully justified in Paris and in London. In 1856 she, with Mario, saved the reputation and the interests of the Covent Garden management, by her astonishing success at the Lyceum after the burning of the Covent Garden Theatre. Her recent triumphs in the Russian capital we have all watched with interest. Her career is cut short in the prime of her ripened powers. She was scarcely thirty. The future has one artistic pleasure less for us.

"In private life," says the *New York Times*, and all accounts accord therewith, "Madame Bosio was as estimable as she was distinguished in her public career; and Mme. Bosio, the woman, will be mourned sincerely, long after the *prima donna* has become a mere memory and tradition with the *habitues* of the Opera." She had been married (not fortunately, the story went) to a Greek gentleman, by the name of Xindavelonis, from whom she has been for some years separated.

Musical Review.

Florence: nine songs by F. Boott. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

These compositions of Mr. Boott have that sort of merit which we should suppose would widely recommend them to persons who seek for songs that are easy of execution, both for the voice and the fingers, and yet have passion and feeling that does not run into sentimentality. The present nine songs are a second series. Among them are two spirited declamatory songs: "The Battle of the Baltic", and a "Cavalier's Song", which have a high degree of merit and a spirited effect. Mr. Boott's music to Tennyson's "Break, break", and to "The Sands o'Dee", and "I am weary of rowing", is of a different character also, and they are very successfully treated. The words are no vulgar doggerel or merely jingling rhymes, but are the most beautiful of modern English songs. Tennyson, Longfellow and Lowell, are the authors of most of them.

Cantica Ecclesiastica: Consisting of English Anthems, together with Select Pieces from various authors. Ancient and Modern, adapted to Words from the Sacred Scriptures. By George James Webb. Price, \$2.00. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

The known good taste and learning of Mr. Webb led us to expect a choice selection of the best of English Anthems in this compilation; and our expectations have not been disappointed, as a glance at the list of authors will show that the sources from which Mr. Webb has drawn this collection, are the very classics of English Church Music, and such as are entirely new to our Church singers. Some choice selections from the great German and Italian masters, such as Haydn, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Rinck, Allegri, Palestrina, Hauptmann, show that, however great the editor's admiration of the English style, it does not render him an *exclusive*; and it is always true, that the earnest lover of what is truly great in one school, is the first to recognize real merit in other schools. Some compositions by Mr. Webb are characterized by much beauty and graceful treatment, and are among the most attractive and useful portions of the volume. We regret that he has, after the manner of the Church of Swedenborg, substituted the word "Jehovah," for "Lord," or "God." Even if more correct or solemn, we, in common with most Christians, should prefer the more familiar appellations of the Deity, as we have them in the common versions of the Scriptures.

The "Cantica Ecclesiastica" is a valuable work for choirs capable of performing the higher and more difficult styles of Church Music, and to such we earnestly commend it. Typographically, the volume is one of a remarkably distinct and beautiful appearance, save in its title page, and it is very neatly and appropriately bound.

Musical Chit-Chat.

First, the *amende honorable* to the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY. In our review of the past Oratorio season, we referred in rather strong terms to what we had understood (apparently on good authority) to be one of their motives for performing the "Messiah" in the Theatre instead of in the Music Hall, — namely to make more money. We are too happy to find that we lent a too credulous ear to that report. The directors of the Society assure us that they never entertained the thought of deserting the Music Hall, and that their action on that occasion was purely exceptional, and solely dictated by the desire to aid a charitable object for which the Hall was occupied. We make the correction cheerfully, both on account of our old, which we trust will be life-long, regard for the Handel and Haydn Society, and because of our pardonable anxiety for our noble Music Hall, that it be kept true to the ends for which it was built. . . . The Society will rehearse the "Hymn of Praise" with orchestra to-morrow night, preparatory to the performance of the following Saturday.

Mr. S. B. BALL had a successful concert last week, which we were unable to attend. The programme, for a miscellaneous one, was uncommonly good, embracing such vocal pieces as Spohr's Sextet: "As pants the heart"; a song from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*; Kreutzer's "Chapel" (8 voices); Stradella's Prayer: *Pieta, Signore*; Mendelssohn's two-part song: "I would that my love"; *Una voce*; *Giorno d' orrore*, duet from *Semiramide*; "With verdure clad"; Rossini's *Quis est homo*; the "Good night" quartet from *Martha*, &c. . . . There will be much curiosity to witness the performances (whatever they may be) of the "Dutton children," at the Music Hall, this afternoon. They are said to be the *smallest* little Fairies (for their age) in the world, and models of symmetry of form.

Of music in New Orleans, during the past month, the enthusiastic gleaner of the *Picayune* reports :

April 10.—During the week past we have had, at the Theatre d'Orleans, representations of the following operas : Grisar's "Giles le Ravisieur," Verdi's "Trovatore," Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and Auber's "Muette de Portici," all of which have been well performed to excellent houses.

April 17.—The musical events of the week now closed have been the performance, at the Orleans theatre, of the operas, "Dragons de Villars," "Le Sourd," "Lucie de Lammermoor," with an act of the "Robert le Diable" for Lamotte's benefit, and "L'Ambassadrice." Cordier has been the heroine of the week, and has never sung better than she has in the "Lucie" and the "Ambassadrice." She gains upon her audience with every fresh representation.

April 24.—We have had one opera and two concerts, during the week just closed. As it was Passion week, the Orleans theatre only gave a single performance, that of "The Favorite," on Tuesday evening, which was well attended.

To-morrow evening, our opera-goers are to have another rich treat in the revival of Auber's charming comic opera, "La Sirène," which has not been given here for many years. Cordier is to sustain the leading rôle; and on the Thursday evening after, she takes her benefit, appearing in "the swan song of Herold," the "Pré aux Clercs."

The grand concert given by the artists of the Theatre d'Orleans, on Wednesday evening last, at Armory Hall, for the benefit of the widow of a deceased member of the company, was one of the best ever given in our city. Cordier, Lafranque, Lucien Bourgeois, Beance, Taste, Prevost, and his entire orchestra, and Mlle. Hedwig Brzowski, the pianist, took parts, and everything went off most successfully to a well-filled house.

Another musical event of the week was the concert of young Arthur Napoleon, the accomplished boy-pianist.

The new Opera House may now be fairly considered *un fait accompli*. The stock is taken, the site selected, the lessee chosen, and everything in the preliminary way satisfactorily arranged; and Mr. Boudousquier now invites all who wish to secure places to call at his office, and enter their names. The plan of the interior has already been devised and determined on, with the situation of the sittings which may be seen on application to Mr. Boudousquier. The new theatre will be a superb affair, and it is the purpose of the lessee to open it early in November next, with a full and talented company.

The programme of the last Classical Concert consists of Mendelssohn's overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream," Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," Weber's overture "Jubel," Haydn's adagio and scherzo to the third symphony, Beethoven's "Funeral March on the death of a Hero," and Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas." A remarkably fine programme.

GAZZANIGA goes to Europe forthwith. So does ULLMAN, it is said, to make arrangements for next winter. He means to engage MARIO and GRISI, it is hinted. . . . Gazzaniga, in her six months visit to Havana, made, with her salary, benefits and presents, about fifty thousand dollars. . . . STRAKOSCH had concluded his season in Cincinnati. A few evenings before the season closed, he was presented with a superb baton by the members of his company. . . . Late advices from London state that MR. LUMLEY has recently become a bankrupt, and left for Italy. This may explain PICCOLOMINI's newly formed resolution to remain in the United States during the ensuing summer.

All the critics who write weekly dramatic *feuilletons* in the principal French journals, speak in high terms of the beauties of MEYERBEER's new opera. The following, from M. de Roivray's critique in the *Moniteur*, sums up the leading features of the general opinion :

"I have to-day to speak, not only of a *chef d'œuvre* but of an entirely new phase of that fertile genius which might have been thought to have developed already the fullest extent of its capacity in the highest walk of art. The 'Pardon de Ploermel' has nothing in common with the great trilogy of the master, 'Robert le Diable,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Le Prophète,' and still less with the 'Etoile du Nord,' that admirable episode of military life and camp music. The new opera is simple as an idyl, home-

felt and religious as a picture of the early Biblical ages—it is a composition of the highest order—homogeneous, complete, and thrown forth with all the spontaneity of inspiration. Melodies of incomparable grace are enshrined in exquisitely elaborated harmony. It is, beyond a doubt, the most natural and finished work that Meyerbeer has yet produced."

Mme. EBEN (*née* HENRIETTA BEHREND), a young German singer, favorably known in New York concert rooms, died lately in Vienna, of typhus fever, with which she was attacked on the morning of the day in which she was to have made her first appearance at the Imperial Opera, in the "Magic Flute." Her first appearance in public, according to the *N. Y. Post*, was at Castle Garden, with Julian. Subsequently she appeared at the Crystal Palace, and several times in opera. Nearly eighteen months ago she married the flutist, Eben, and soon after, sailed for Europe. She sang at Hamburg and other German cities quite successfully, and had just received a warm welcome to the above-named opera-house. Her husband, who will be remembered as a favorite among flutists, particularly for his unassuming modesty of demeanor, was, at last accounts, suffering from the same disease. Madame Eben was but twenty-two years old.

Here is a sample of the programmes of the afternoon "Rehearsals" of the Germania Orchestra, under CARL SENTZ, in Philadelphia :

Overture—"Libella,"	Reisiger.
Song—"Schwanenmadel,"	Brock.
Waltz—"Sonderlinge,"	Lanner.
Jupiter—Symphony,	Mozart.
Andante,	
Overture—"Return from Abroad,"	Mendelssohn.
Polka—Datscha,	Liebning.
Entre Act—Martha,	Flotow.
Galop—"Soldatenfeuer,"	Schaeft.

PICCOLOMINI, in addition to her Papal descent, is now alleged to be a descendant of Cortez, the Conqueror of Mexico. Mr. J. McLeod Murphy in his lecture on Tehuantepec before the Geographical Society last evening, stated that he had prosecuted some curious researches in relation to the descendants of the renowned filibuster, many of whom are living on the Isthmus, and had become satisfied that the blood of Cortez runs in the veins of the gay little *prima donna*.—*Ev. Post*.

Here is an extract from a private letter from an American in Stuttgart, Germany, dated March 29.

"We have had some good operas here during the winter, by a tolerable company. Among others, the *Huguenots*, *Wn. Tell*, one by Gluck, *Der Freischütz*, *Hans Heiling*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Lucia*, *L'Elisire*, *Puritani*, *Don Juan*, Mozart's *Figaro*, *Troubadour*, (Verdi), *Dorf-Barbier*, *Gerarda*, and many that I cannot at present remember;—one by a Double Bass player in the Orchestra, ABERT, a young man of talent. The opera is "*Anna von Kronenland*," in 8 acts,—something of the "future music"—it had a tolerable success. Next comes *Tannhäuser*, the instrumentation to which is beautiful, and might be heard with pleasure without the voices. But to be compelled to hear the voices without the orchestra, would be a worse punishment than ever was invented by the inquisition. In the soprano and tenor parts Verdi is outshone. Indeed, the only vocal piece that gives pleasure is the Pilgrim's Chorus. The opera has never been given here. I heard JOHANNA WAGNER in it in Carlsruhe last November. MOUQUET gave several concerts here last month—he is a good player, but without feeling."

The Chicago Musical Union celebrated the centennial anniversary of Handel's death on Friday evening, by performing for the first time in Chicago the Oratorio of the Messiah. The principal solo singers were Mrs. LONG, Soprano; Mrs. BRAINARD, (formerly Miss Kate L. Jones) Soprano; Mrs. MATESON, Contralto; Mr. C. R. ADAMS, Tenor; Mr. J. G. LUMBARD, Basso; C. M. CADY, Conductor; A. J. VAAS, Leader of Orchestra. An address was also delivered by Rev. N. H. SCHENCK.

ROSSINI laid the other day the corner stone of a villa at Passa, hard by the side of Ranelagh. He invited several friends to be present at the laying of the corner stone of his villa. He placed in the corner stone a medal, struck to celebrate his *Stabat*, the coins of the day, and a plate with his name and the date engraved on it. He was with difficulty restrained from placing in it a valuable coin of Caracalla's reign, merely to puzzle future antiquarians, he said, who could not fail to write learned dissertations of Rossini, the friend of Caracalla. Somebody recited verses on the occasion, which Rossini laughed at, saying his pocket and the architect convinced him every quarter he had nothing of Orpheus about him, for whereas Orpheus had but to play his lyre to raise houses and move trees and rocks, he, poor Rossini, had to draw checks on his banker for every tree and rock moved.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.
The wailing child. Words by Geo. M. Dowe,
Music by W. A. Field. 25

A touching song, whose import is directed against
the evils of intemperance. Twilight hour. Ballad. *Geo. Barker.* 25

A fine song, sentimental and pathetic; the melody almost throughout in the minor mode, as in that other gem of this Composer: "I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie."

The Oak and the Toy. Song. *E. Ransford.* 25
Light and pretty.

Happy days of yore. Song. *Mary Asthore.* 25
A melodious and eminently pleasing composition from the pen of a well known and felicitous musical writer, whose modesty prompts him to assume this "non de plume."

You'll soon forget, Kathleen. Ballad. *L. Williams.* 25
A good parlor song, rather easy of performance.

Leave me not, (Tu puniscimi). "Luisa Miller." 30
Oh! happy dream, (Lo vidi, e'l primo palpito)

"Luisa Miller." 30

Two more songs, extracted from this brilliant production of Verdi's genius, an Opera, which abounds in beautiful and striking melodies.

Youth and Charity, (Jeunesse et charité), Chorus for two female voices. *Concone.* 30

From this author's celebrated Collection, "Les Harmoniennes," which furnished almost the only good music for choruses of Female voices, and as such, recommends itself to the attention of all Teachers in Young Ladies' Seminaries or Schools.

Instrumental Music.

The new Lancer's Quadrille. *D'Egville.* 50
New Music to the old, regular Lancer Figures. Since variety is a very desirable thing, everybody will be glad to find something available for a change for the old music, which by this time is pretty well worn out.

La Baloise. Valse de Salon. *Réne Favarger.* 50
Barcarolle d' Oberon. Fantaisie. " 30

The first is a brilliant Waltz of moderate difficulty; the second a very tasteful and elegant arrangement of Weber's beautiful melody. Favarger, whose compositions enjoy the most distinguished favor of the fashionable musical circles of London, and whose talent and taste is unquestionable, has not yet been introduced to the American musical public. His works will find a large market in this country; amateurs of moderate skill can master them without any great difficulty.

Petite Fantasia, an air in the Barber of Seville. *Favarger.* 30
This piece is more particularly addressed to pupils, to whom it will be a charming lesson.

Books.

WEBER'S THEORY OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION. Treated with a view to a Naturally Consecutive Arrangement of Topics. By Godfrey Weber. Translated from the improved German edition, with Notes. By James F. Warner. 2 vols. Price, \$4.

Weber's work is pre-eminently adapted to this country. Its admirably clear and simple style, taken in connection with the copious detail of its matter, renders it, as the author himself very justly observes, peculiarly appropriate to those who have but little or no present acquaintance with the subject. On the one hand it is the best authority that the world contains; on the other, it is simple and easy to be understood. The word "Theory" seems rather an unfortunate one to be used in this connection. To the apprehension of many, it carries the idea of something that is far removed from the practical and useful, and that it is attended with no real, substantial advantages; while in point of fact, the term, as employed in the present instance, designates a body of principles and a mass of knowledge, which is practical in the very highest degree, and which sustains very much the same relation to musical action, as a helm does to a ship, or a guide to a traveler, or sunbeams to all our operations in the external world.

